The Bluestocking

1913

WOODROW WILSON BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION
MARY BALDWIN SEMINARY
DECEMBER 28, 1912
(See pp. 52-56)

The Bluestocking

Published by

The Senior Literary Society

MCMXIII

MARY BALDWIN SEMINARY
STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

To one, our friend first, and then instructor, advisory
member of our Young Women's Christian Association, and founder of our Students' Association
and "Association Day," whose teaching is
not for the present, but for eternity,
and whose golden influence is but
the natural consequence of
her daily life,---to one
who is the embodiment of what
we would
become
to

Miss Mary Laurie Mattoon

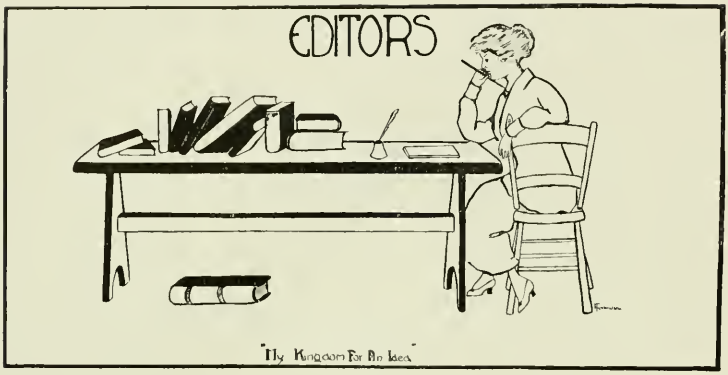
teacher of Psychology, Ethics and Bible
History, do we dedicate our
"Bluestocking"

Mary L. Mattson

SUMMER VIEW, MEMORIAL HALL AND HILL-TOP

Foreword

Much there is of real truth within these pages, much that hath only its semblance; but whoso seeketh the truth shall not find its author, and whoso findeth the author shall not thereby find the truth. Therefore, be ye content, fair reader, to accept what herein lieth, and if some enjoyment ye may obtain from that which endangereth no soul in particular, the aim is accomplished of the editors 1912-13. On their heads shall be heaped all your criticism; but if ye find something of good here besides, be your praises to those most praiseworthy, whose material aid and close sympathy have rendered them worthy their laurels,—we refer to Miss Weimar, Miss Caroline J. Woodrom, Miss Sarah R. Meetz, Miss Harriett Shawen, Mr. William Wayt King, and many of the student body.



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1912

Thursday, September 12 ..... Session Opens
Tuesday, October 4 ..... Miss Baldwin's Birthday
Thursday, November 28 ..... Thanksgiving
Thursday, December 19, 2 P. M. ..... Christmas Vacation Begins

1913

Thursday, January 2, 9 A. M. ..... Christmas Vacation Ends
Wednesday, January 22 ..... Mid-Year Examinations Begin
Wednesday, January 29 ..... Mid-Year Examinations End
Friday, January 31 ..... Miss McClung's Birthday
Thursday, April 3 ..... Spring Vacation Begins
Tuesday, April 8 ..... Spring Vacation Ends
Wednesday, May 14 ..... Final Examinations Begin
Wednesday, May 21 ..... Final Examinations End
Wednesday, May 24 ..... Final Examinations End
Friday, May 23 ..... Art Reception
Sunday, May 25 ..... Baccalaureate Sermon
Monday, May 26 ..... Association Day Exercises
Tuesday, May 27 ..... Commencement Exercises
Thursday, September 11 ..... Session 1913-14 Opens

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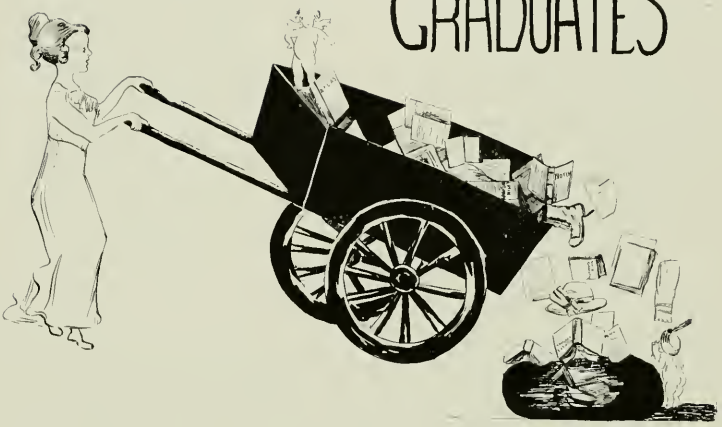

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Anna Morrison ..... Expression

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Dorothy Carr ..... Piano

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Staunton, Virginia

"Her years but young, but her experience old,
Her head unmellowed, but her judgment ripe."

Graduate in Literary Department member Executive Board Student Association; Senior Literary Society; Literary Editor, "The Bluestocking"; Virginia Club.

MARZELLE HART

Weatherford, Texas

"With an eye to see life's sunniest side,
And with a heart to take its chances all
as God sends."

Graduate in Elocution Department; Secretary and Treasurer Student Association; President K. E. Y.; Senior Literary Society; Secretary and Treasurer Dramatic Club; Assistant Business Manager, "The Bluestocking"; Y. W. C. A.; German Club; President Golf Club; Basketball Club; Texas Club.

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Waycross, Georgia

"She's pretty to walk with,
Witty to talk with,
And pleasant too, to look upon."

Graduate in Elocution Department; Vice-President Senior Literary Society; Member Executive Board Student Association; President Dramatic Club; T. T.; German Club; Y. W. C. A.; Captain Basketball Club; Georgia Club; Tennis Club.

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De Land, Florida

"She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone or despise."

Graduate in Elocution Department; Member Executive Board Student Association; Literary Editor, "The Bluestocking"; Senior Literary Society; Vice-President Dramatic Club; President T. T.; K. F. C.; German Club; Secretary and Treasurer Golf Club; Tennis Club; Basketball Club; Y. W. C. A.

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Staunton, Virginia

"A face with gladness overspread,
Soft smiles by human gladness had."

Graduate in Elocution Department; Business Manager "The Bluestocking"; Senior Literary Society; Member Executive Board Student Association; Virginia Club.

DOROTHY CARR

Clarksdale, Mississippi

"That was music! good alike at grave and gay."

Graduate in Piano; Senior Literary Society; Member Executive Board Student Association; T. D. S.; X. Y. Z.; German Club; Y. W. C. A.

ROSE WIEBEL

Hagerstown, Maryland

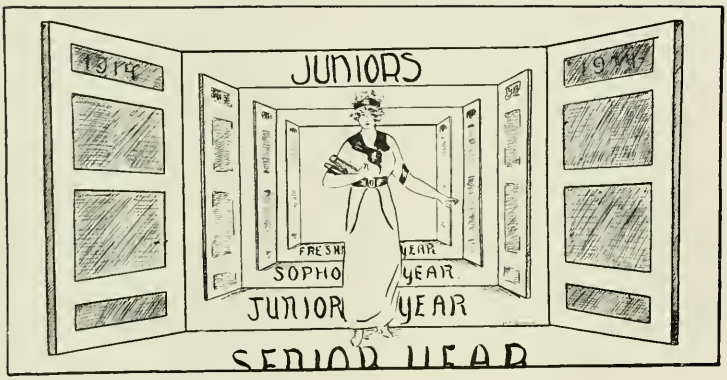
"But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome;
'tis we musicians know."

Graduate in Piano; Senior Literary Society; Member Executive Board Student Association; President Maryland Club.

"Mascot"

MARY NELSON QUARLES

Staunton, Virginia



MOTTO

"Adversis major, par secundis"

FLOWER

Richmond Red Rose

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"In unity there is strength"

FLOWER

Lily of Valley

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Green and white

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MOTTO

"Truly, I believe their intelligence has something divine about it."

COLORS

Lavendar and Purple

FLOWER

Violet

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Appreciation

Is the violet less lovely because the fern shades it, the evening star less constant for the moon that outgleams it, or the dew-drop less pure for the pool that reflects it? There is no "lost good" in the plan of our Father.

And so, for the rare example of a life of loveliness, constancy, and purity, we offer our appreciation to Miss Anna Streit, Seminary Librarian since 1887.

Literary Department

PRIZES FOR BLUESTOCKING WORK

For the best essay, offered by Mr. H. L. Lang, and won by Miss Vernon Liclider.

For the best story, offered by the Beverly Book Store and won by Miss Lily Woods.

For the best poem, offered by Mr. A. W. McClure and won by Miss Vernon Liclider.

Sir Galahad

(Prize Essay)

Editor's Note.—The Senior Literary Society of 1911-'12 has presented to the Seminary copies of the first, second and third of the fifteen pictures in Edwin A. Abbey's "Holy Grail." These reproductions are colored by hand in water color; are fifteen and a half inches in height and about seven feet in length; and are framed in mahogany. They now hang in the entrance hall, opposite Miss Weimar's office. The following essay is a study of Sir Galahad as represented in the complete series of Abbey's "Holy Grail."

THE STORY of Sir Galahad, the only knight of Arthur's Round Table who finally succeeded in the Quest of the Holy Grail, is as interesting as it is wonderful. From our first glimpse of him, when, a tiny babe in the nun's arms, he receives the vision of the sacred vessel, until he leaves this earth for a happier realm, we are constantly impressed by his pure and beautiful deeds, which reveal a character so human, yet so divine. He enters into our very hearts, and we feel his elevating influence, which cannot entirely leave us. Even his name is an incentive to greater and better things.

Perhaps the time and circumstances of Galahad's birth and early training had much influence upon his later life. Entering this world, a descendant of Joseph of Arimathea, upon Easter Sunday, when everything was fair and peaceful under the reign of good King Arthur, it was hardly strange that he was so destined. When very young he was committed to the care and training of nuns; hence during his years of development, all surroundings were elevating and holy.

When he grew to hardy young manhood he was ready to take the oath of knighthood. There can be no lovelier picture, than when we see him kneeling before the altar, promising to "speak the truth, to right the wronged, to live a pure life and to uphold the law of God." His sublime face reveals his earnest purpose and determination to fulfil his

I. THE VISION

II. THE OATH OF KNIGHTHOOD

III. THE ROUND TABLE OF KING ARTHUR

Edwin A. Abbey's "Holy Grail"
Presented to Seminary by
Senior Literary Society of 1911-1912

vows, even unto death. Perchance he is inspired by the past glorious deeds of Lancelot and Bors, who buckle on his golden spurs—Bors and Lancelot, the King's bravest and best!

Of Galahad's purity of character, we have first evidence in the incident of the "Siege Perilous." Fashioned by the cunning hand of the magic Merlin, this chair had stood for many years in Arthur's hall—empty, for none but the one perfect knight could sit therein without injury. It was ever an object of awe, until one day of wonder, when in the presence of Arthur and the Round Table, Galahad, led on seemingly by blind instinct, but in reality by the spirit of Joseph of Arimathea, advanced to the terrible seat, and sat therein. His manner and bearing were modest and quiet; yet trust and confidence were plainly stamped upon his lovely features. Then all knew that Galahad should be the perfect knight, "for whom was set apart the holiest adventure of all the many of the Table Round."

At the Castle of the Grail, we see Galahad in another light, for there he displays those human qualities, so characteristic of ambitious youth. It must be remembered that this was the castle in which the Grail was kept, under the care of King Amfortas. Everyone had enjoyed the blessings of this cup until its keeper sinned, after which, though the grail was still in the castle, its presence was not known, nor seen, while Amfortas and his court were placed under a spell, which could not be removed until the perfect knight should come with the proper question and remove it. Then the Holy Grail might be seen once more, and bestow its blessings upon all. Hence we find Galahad here, standing in awe before the old king who was suffering death in life. Here it was that the young knight's self-confidence conquered him. A little too proud of his own natural abilities perhaps, and of his knowledge of worldly things, he forgot the instructions of Gurnemanz, his worthy tutor, who had told him "to think much, but speak little." As he stood here viewing those wonderful sights, of which he knew nothing, he failed to show the proper humility and pity necessary to release the king. Hence his first failure!

After this, his spirit was sorely tried. Everywhere he was taunted by those who still were forced to suffer because of his failure, and grief and sorrow filled his soul. But his courage did not fail him, though wars were waged everywhere, troubles and sorrows were prevalent, and his own conscience sounded continually within him:

"Ardentes anime,
Flent sine fine;
Dicuntque singule;
Ve! Ve! Ve! quante
Sunt tenebre."

No! Adversity seemed to strengthen him, and chastized in spirit, he set forth once more with determination renewed.

Galahad soon had opportunity to show physical strength also. "To the castle of the maidens!" commanded his vision, and to this place went the maiden knight. Here, unaided, he slew seven fierce knights, who were defiling the castle by their hated presence.

Throughout all his journeys, the "blameless knight" had won the admiration and love of many pure women, and had been tempted more than once. But never did he yield until he met Blanchefleur, the niece of Gurnemanz, and exceedingly fair to behold. When this weeping damsel besought his aid against oppressors, Galahad's soul was filled with pure love. Yielding to the advice of Gurnemanz, he wedded Blanchefleur, but on the very wedding morn his Vision appeared and he realized with sadness that it must be a maiden knight who should obtain the Quest. To give up the beautiful girl was a great struggle, but with noble resignation he yielded to the right and to duty, and left his lovely bride. It was a wonderful victory, which could not have been won by any other than a strong character, who honored his God, and wished to serve Him! Nevertheless, one cannot but pity the poor young knight, for after all he was only human.

His life, after this, was one of unselfishness, and many were his good deeds for others, until he came once more to the Castle of the

Grail, where he saw Amfortas and his court still under the enchantment. But it was a different Galahad who now stood before the king. Sorrow and pain had schooled him well, and humility had increased with wisdom. Therefore, when he saw the strange sights, his soul was filled with pity, and in compassionate voice, he said, "What ails thee, O King, and what mean these wondrous things?"—the one sentence, spoken by the perfect knight, destined to free Amfortas and bring down the holy cup, which would bless the world.

"Galahad, the Maiden Knight," now became "Galahad, the Deliverer," and after many deeds of mercy and kindness, he sailed away in the magic ship of Solomon, to the land of Sarras, where his miraculous deeds won for him much fame and honor, and the people loved and honored him so much that he was crowned their king. Galahad, the king, was as noble as Galahad, the knight, and he ruled the land with righteous judgment, still faithful in his service to God, who recognized his worth, and, after a year and a day, sent down the Holy Grail unveiled. After seeing this, Galahad's joy and power were complete, and as his soul was too great for his frail body, he was taken to heaven, along with the Grail, which was never seen on earth again.

VERNON LICLIDER.

Clifford and the Prince

(Prize Story)

YES, it is disgraceful—nothing short of a positive disgrace. Now look at her, Rudyard, tearing around in that field like some wild thing. It is a wonder to me the horse does not throw her! Just see her hair flying! She is disreputable. I tell you it is wrong to let that child grow up into an ignorant, wild person, without any cultivation or suitable ideas of propriety!" Mrs. Drummond thumped her be-jeweled fingers impatiently upon the window pane, while a contemptuous expression spread over her haughty face.

The Colonel, her brother, moved to her side and glanced over her shoulder out of the window. Then he laughed heartily and his eyes sparkled with pure pride and admiration.

"Bless her heart! I'd be willing to stake my life on it that she's the finest horsewoman in this county! That girl is one in ten thousand, Isabel, she is the finest child I ever knew! If you could see the way she manages this farm! Why every soul on the place, man, woman, and child, will do anything on earth she asks, and she knows just what is best for each of them, so manages things perfectly. The servants would all fall down and worship her, if she would only let them! I tell you she has a fine character for such a little person. There never was anybody like her before."

The Colonel fairly glowed with admiration, while he watched his little niece in her efforts to "break in" the new colt. Her chin was set in firm determination and her blue eyes were almost fierce with intensity, her black hair was streaming behind her, and in one hand she held the reins, while with the other one she patted the neck of the colt.

"No! I suppose there never was anybody like her before," said Mrs.

Drummond ironically. "But, indeed, Rudyard, this has got to stop. That child is too old to be acting like a wild Indian. She is eighteen now, isn't she? Besides it is a shame that she should grow up here in the country without any one, and with no advantages. I insist that you let me take her to the city this winter and introduce her to some suitable society."

"Society, indeed!" cried the Colonel gruffly, "bother your old society! I haven't any use for it. Clifford is a million times finer now than any of your society girls, with all their paint and powder. That child is a little queen, I tell you! She could rule any person on earth, if she had the desire to. She has the making of a great woman in her and you will find that out all too soon some of these days!"

"Rudyard," Mrs. Drummond continued, "I really think you had best let the child come with me. I can do so much for her and give her so many advantages of which she is in positive need."

The Colonel's face clouded and a worried look took the place of the usual twinkle in his eye. "Isabel," he said, "the only reason on earth which makes me even consider your offer is, as you know, that I am heavily in debt. I cannot bear to worry Clifford by telling her of it, and by cutting down expenses on the place. Then, too, my present worry is danger threatening mortgage on the farm and property. That would absolutely kill the child, for she loves this place better than her own life. I think that if I send her with you, I can reduce expenses here a great deal and can then successfully pass the crisis. Knowing Clifford as I do, I know that she will be a great comfort and pleasure to you and your husband, as she has always been to me. For my part, I don't see how I can possibly live without her, and I feel that the child will be somewhat uphappy, too, deprived of her life of freedom and of her horse, Black Beauty. I believe she loves that horse more than anything else in this world!"

The Colonel had hardly finished these words, when the door opened and Clifford came in. Her face was glowing from her recent experience, and her eyes were shining. The Colonel looked at the child, and all the love in his heart shone in his handsome old face. "Come here, Cliff,"

he said. Then he kissed her and coughed several times, while he looked appealingly at Mrs. Drummond. She understood. "Clifford," she said, in a very condescending voice, "I am going to take you back to the city with me. You and my Rose will, I am sure, be the best of friends. I want to introduce you to some nice girls and boys, so that you may have a good time this winter and see something, at any rate, of the world. You are deprived of so much that is best in life, when you live out here in the country, and I want you to have the same advantages that other girls have!"

Clifford had taken a great dislike to her aunt from the first time that lady had set her foot in "Briar Cliff." Now she merely laughed at her, while she said slowly, "I won't go to the city with you!"

"Hush Clifford," said the Colonel, "that is no way to talk!" Then he added more gently, "Come into the library. I want to have a talk with you, little girl."

Just what took place in the library was never known, but it was decided that Clifford should go to the city with her aunt. To say that she was broken-hearted would be putting it mildly. The last few days were spent in taking a fond farewell of every familiar nook and corner on the place.

On the evening before her departure early the next morning, Clifford slipped out to the barn to tell Black Beauty a last good-bye. The barn was wrapped in utter darkness, and the only light, by which Clifford made her way to Black Beauty's stall, was a single moonbeam which stole in through the great barn door. Clifford shivered in the frosty night air and clung to Black Beauty's neck. "Black Beauty," she cried, "you understand, don't you? Yes, you are the only person in the world that understands, and you do love me, don't you, Black Beauty? I am going away to a big city, where no one loves me and where they will make fun of me. Yes, they will, Black Beauty, for I know my Aunt Isabel. I am going to be so unhappy and lonesome!" Clifford's blue eyes searched Black Beauty's soft dark ones, and she still clung to his silky neck. The

horse held up his shapely little head and his beautiful eyes looked into Clifford's. He did understand.

The next morning Mrs. Drummond and Clifford were seated in a Pullman car, each minute taking them nearer the city and leaving "Briar Cliff" farther behind. Mrs. Drummond was looking out of the window, while she said to herself, "It has worked very well indeed, just as I told Rose it would! Now, we have this child, and can make an excuse of entertaining for her and of introducing her into the young circle, while in reality Rose will get into the young crowd and will see lots of the Prince! As Rose is a very young widow, naturally people don't expect to have her around a great deal. But I do believe the Prince fancies her already, and I am sure, after he sees how she is going to everything, that he will be very nice to her. It will certainly be a catch for Rose, too, for I do believe every single girl in town has set her cap for the Prince, but he seems equally indifferent to them all! As for this child, of course it will be a great drawback to us that she is such a countrified little piece and so very peculiar, but I will certainly see that she has the proper clothes and attends dancing school regularly. By the way, maybe I'd best let her understand about Rose and the Prince! Clifford," she said turning to her niece, "you have heard me speak of the Prince haven't you? Well, he is decidedly the handsomest and most attractive young man in town. The girls are all in love with him, and I wish you could see the way they all run after him! But really it is pathetic the way he cares for Rose. I suppose they will be married in less than a year!"

Clifford looked at her aunt indifferently. "You didn't tell me Rose was engaged again," she said; "wasn't it last month that her husband died?"

Her aunt flushed angrily. "Of course not, you silly child, it was a long time ago!" After this, they were silent and the journey was a disagreeable one for them both.

Late that evening they reached their destination and were met by Mr. Drummond. Clifford had never seen so many people before, or so

many lights in one place. Her uncle smiled kindly at her astonishment, and the amused smile lighted up his tired face. They were the best of friends immediately, for each understood the other.

When they reached the Drummond's handsome house, they were met by Rose in the elegant hall. She kissed Clifford kindly, but Clifford did not care for her from the first, for she was too much like her mother, and her face, though pretty, was cross and discontented.

City life was a novel experience to Clifford, and she did not hate it as much as she had expected. To be sure her aunt and Rose made things unpleasant for her, as they were always making little remarks about her "countrified ways." The high-heeled slippers and fashionable dresses which they forced her to wear were also a source of great discomfort to her. But the dancing school she really enjoyed. The girls there were all kind to her, and once or twice Clifford had overheard some of them saying, "Isn't she the most beautiful thing you ever saw?" and again, "She is so original!"

Mrs. Drummond had appointed an evening for Clifford's reception. The few weeks beforehand were spent in getting Clifford some beautiful clothes, that she might appear well in her first presentation to society.

Clifford did look well that evening. She wore a lovely blue dress which brought out the fine blue in her eyes. Rose stood by her side in the reception line. The huge parlor doors were flung wide, and the whole lower part of the house was a gleaming mass of dazzling lights and of beautiful gowns. When Clifford had stood up so long that her head swam and her eyes ached, she noted an unusual stir at the door. A few minutes later the Prince was presented to her. She watched him intently as he spoke to Rose, and it did not seem to her as if he were particularly delighted to see her. She did not wonder that he was called the Prince, for he truly resembled one. He was tall and handsome, with a reserved, though courteous manner, yet extremely indifferent to the many chattering young women who tried in vain to make themselves attractive to him.

How the evening came to an end Clifford never knew. She was only conscious of being very tired and cross. She felt sure she had shocked many people by her frank remarks, for she had seen the same expressions on their faces as were on Aunt Isabel's when she looked at Clifford. The guests were all leaving and the Prince had come to tell her good night.

"I want to tell you what a charming time I have had this evening," he began. But Clifford interrupted him.

"Please don't say that again," she said. "I am so tired of the sound of it I could scream! Besides, I noticed you and you weren't having a good time at all. You looked miserable. I could tell, for I was, too."

For a second an amused smile hovered on the Prince's proud face. Then he looked at her and said, "You were right. If you must know the truth, this is the very first time I've enjoyed myself this evening!" Then he was gone.

Time passed and Clifford grew more accustomed to the city life, but she still longed for "Briar Cliff" and the free life of the country. She was seen at a great many places, and was a favorite everywhere with old and young, though she was herself unconscious that people considered her the "sweetest, most original thing they had ever seen!"

Meanwhile the Prince came steadily to the house, presumably to see Rose. Clifford saw him sometimes and the meeting was a pleasure to them both. Rose, however, was never very cordial in asking Clifford to the parlors, and Clifford, for her part, wisely stayed away, when the Prince came. One morning, when the family was seated at the breakfast table, the maid came in bringing a beautiful bunch of flowers, roses, violets, and orchids. In the midst of the flowers was the Prince's card. The young widow jumped from the table and rushed to take them. "They are from him!" she cried excitedly.

"I would advise you to read the other side of the card and see to whom they are sent," her father suggested. Rose read the card. The flowers were for Clifford! She handed them to her in absolute disgust,

while she glanced at her mother, who was equally disgusted. They looked at each other meaningly. Mr. Drummond laughed. He considered it a huge joke on his daughter. "I claim you got ahead of them this time, little girl," he said, patting Clifford on the shoulder.

As for Clifford, she did not know what to make of the flowers, and it never occurred to her that she ought to thank the Prince for them.

Several days later the maid told her that the Prince was in the parlor. Rose and her mother and father were all out. "Tell him Rose is not at home," she said.

"But he asked for you," the maid replied. Then Clifford went down to the parlors. The Prince smiled at her cordially. "I have my car outside and would be so glad to take you out in it this afternoon. Please, won't you come?" Clifford could never refuse a ride in a machine, for that was one of the things in city life which she most enjoyed.

The Prince took her out some fine roads which she had never seen and before she knew it she was telling him all about "Briar Cliff," and "Black Beauty," and her "Uncle Rudyard." "They are the only three things in this whole world that I love," she said simply.

"I don't love even that many," said the Prince. "In fact I love only one. Oh, how I wish you could learn to love four!"

Clifford laughed sweetly. "You want me to love Rose," she said innocently. "I have tried very hard to love her, because I wondered how *you* could, but I just *can't*! I love Uncle Ross much better than either Rose or Aunt Isabel!" An amused look, which Clifford had seen so often spread over the Prince's face, but he went on to speak of something else.

When the two came back that evening, they were met at the door by Aunt Isabel. "Clifford," she said, "I am very much ashamed of you for going off in this way, without letting me know where you were. I have been greatly disturbed about you! And you, too," she said, turning to the Prince, "I am surprised at your taking Clifford out, without my consent."

But the Prince held his head up proudly, and spoke very coldly. "I think," he said, "had it been your daughter you would not have objected, and so I took the same liberty with your niece."

Then the Prince left.

Poor Clifford was very miserable all evening, and her aunt and cousin would scarcely speak to her. As time went on, too, they continued to treat her in a very indifferent manner.

But one day something happened. Mrs. Drummond and her daughter were whispering together for a long time over some letter, which they had received. They would look towards Clifford, as if doubtful whether to speak or not. Finally Aunt Isabel came to Clifford, and spoke rather jokingly, "You had best try to make the best of it here, now, for you will have to stay always, I suppose, since Briar Cliff is mortgaged!"

"What?" cried Clifford, her eyes wide with fear.

"Yes," her aunt replied, "Rudyard has just written me of it. Poor Rudyard, I fear he has not been as honest as could be desired, or he would not have made so many debts, and be obliged to mortgage the place now!"

"Uncle Rudyard not honest!" cried Clifford, while her eyes blazed angrily at her aunt, and a torrent of angry words rushed to her lips. "Indeed, if you had ever thought of being half as good and honest as dear Uncle Rudyard, you would be doing well! But I must go to him right away—he will need me. I must go to 'Briar Cliff' right now. I can't stand it here any longer!" Clifford was so distressed that tears came into her eyes, and her lips trembled.

But Aunt Isabel only smiled at her, while she said: "You cannot go to Briar Cliff. The place is to be turned over to new people in a week, and your uncle himself is having a hard time finding some place where he can take some of the things to, and go himself!"

At the triumphant look on her aunt's face, Clifford completely broke down, and rushed from the room, crying, "I will go to Briar Cliff and I will see Uncle Rudyard!"

But for two days she was not able to carry out her determination, for her Uncle Ross was out of town, and of course Aunt Isabel and Rose were beyond consideration. Clifford stayed in her own room during this time, and refused to go down stairs, even. She had heard the Prince's voice in the hall the very day on which she had received the terrible news, and once she had thought maybe he could help her. But she had put away the idea on Rose's account.

After three days had passed, Aunt Isabel came to Clifford's door and told her she was wanted in the parlor. The Prince had come to see Clifford, but Rose, as usual, had presented herself in the parlors. This time it was too much for him, and he tried to be polite, while at the same time he said earnestly, "Please, I must see your cousin on important business!" Rose, flushing angrily, had left the room.

A few minutes later Clifford came in. The Prince rushed forward eagerly to meet her. "I have good news for you," he cried. "Briar Cliff is safe and your Uncle is going to live there always. Everything is all right now!"

"Oh! Who did it all?" cried Clifford joyously.

"I think it was some friend of your Uncle's," the Prince replied.

Just what followed between the two was never known to any one but Clifford and the Prince. Sometime later, however, the two passed through the parlor door in search of Mrs. Drummond. They found her together with Rose.

Clifford was all smiles and she cried out happily, "Oh, Aunt Isabel, I am going to Briar Cliff after all. Isn't it too wonderful?"

"Yes," added the Prince, "and I am going to take her!"

"Think of living at Briar Cliff always," cried Clifford, "with Black Beauty, Uncle Rudyard and the Prince!"

LILY WOODS.

Signs of Winter

(Prize Poem)

The old tree shakes in the frosty air,
And in lonely silence grieves;
While the sad wind moans through the branches bare,
Its farewell to the leaves.

The brooklet murmurs a plaintive lay
That ripples drearily;
And slowly winds through meadows gray,
Its lone course to the sea.

Light snowflakes fall on field and wold,
With gentle softness free,
While wearily the shivering fold
Creeps closer on the lea.

The herd boy hastens, homeward bound,
In the twilight's deepening shade;
His clear call echoes far around
Throughout the crackling glade.

The traveler quickens his footsteps bold,
While he peers at the dark'ning sky,
And shivers and sighs in the biting cold,
That tells him Winter is nigh.

Vernon Liclider.

In Memoriam

Frederick Wilhelm Hamer

1843-1912

Professor of Piano and Organ and Director of the Department of Music,
Mary Baldwin Seminary,
1873-1912

WOODROW WILSON BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

December 28, 1912

I Main Street from Gospel Hill
II Address of President-Elect
III Suggestion of Parade
IV Hearing the Address at the Mary Baldwin Seminary

Address of Welcome

By Dr. Fraser

Woodrow Wilson Birthday Celebration

Fellow citizens of Staunton and of Virginia, and our most welcome and honored guests from many states:

An occasion like this one has never, in all the history of our government, come a second time to the same community.

On the ever-to-be-remembered afternoon of the second of last July, when the maddening uncertainty of many days was relieved by the news from the Baltimore Convention that Governor Wilson, of New Jersey, a native of Staunton, had been nominated for the Presidency of the United States, a large concourse of people gathered around the house in which he was born, filled with a wild, undefined hope that perhaps the time had come for Virginia to resume the role of "Mother of Presidents" and perhaps it had fallen to the lot of our modest little city to give a Chief Executive to the Nation.

And now we meet again, with our enthusiasm chastened, but neither diminished nor daunted, by the clash of tremendous forces in a spectacular and significant campaign and we have called in our neighbors and friends to rejoice with us and help us to celebrate the fulfillment of our hopes and the realization of our most daring dreams.

On the morning after the November election, early risers in the eastern part of the city saw every window on the crest of yonder line of hills aflame with glory reflected from a rising sun, while those living beyond the Manse declared that a perfect rain-bow spanned that now historic home. What more beautiful decoration, or what more gracious suggestion could we have had than this celestial token of promise and of hope, set like an aureole about the house in which Woodrow Wilson was born!

"THE MANSE"—BIRTHPLACE OF WOODROW WILSON, STAUNTON, VA.

On the following day a comittee from the "Woodrow Wilson Club," of Staunton, waited on the President-elect in his Princeton home and invited him to visit Staunton. Notwithstanding the exciting preoccupations of the hour, he received them with gracious cordiality and accepted at once the invitation. In all that political campaign through which he had just passed and which had so often sparkled with his acts of knightly courtesy, there was nothing finer than his instant and hearty response to the proud and grateful sentiments of his native place. And yet he did an even finer deed when, on his own initiative, he selected his birthday as the occasion of his visit.

He went out from us a very little boy, laden with the prayers and benedictions of a small congregation of Christian people. He comes back to us today, by the favor of an overruling Providence, a proven leader of men, wearing the plaudits of the whole civilized world, and chosen to fill the highest civil office ever given to a man by the free suffrage of his fellow men.

Now then, fellow citizens, lend me your hearts, lend me your throats, lend me your silver trumpets, your drums and clanging symbols, and whatever else can feel delight or make a joyful noise, whilst I attempt to give utterance to the emotions of this hour.

I speak for all of you men, women, and children, visitors and home people, regardless of political affiliations or religious creed, irrespective of occupation or social rank, nationality or color, as the voice of this multitudinous assembly, when I say to him that we thank him for the honor of his visit; we extend to him a boundless welcome to the place that gave him birth; we join with him in celebrating his birthday and wish him many happy returns; we congratulate him on the honors he has won and the opportunity he has achieved; we accept him in the language of the Scriptures, as "the Minister of God to us for good"; we assure him of our respectful sympathy and our Christian prayers amidst all the cares and perils of public service; we pledge him a fair-minded and manly interpretation of all his official acts; and we promise him all proper support in

every right endeavor to enforce the laws, promote the welfare or maintain the honor of the country.

All these joyous salutations are intended not only for Mr. Wilson, but also for the honored lady who will so intimately share the responsibilities and renown of his high station, and whose presence with us adds a peculiar lustre to the occasion.

I have the distinction of presenting the President-elect of the United States of America, the Honorable Woodrow Wilson.

Anecdote

All was excitement at the Seminary the day before the Wilson Celebration. Final directions were being given to Lewis, the man of all work, whose thoughts were evidently fixed upon the coming event.

Lewis: Umph! I'se not gwine to work to-morrow mornin'; I'se jes' a comin' up hyer for to see de President.

Miss E.: Well, Lewis, I think that you can do a great deal of work and speak to the President too.

Lewis: Naw, I jes' gwin to speak to him.

After the Celebration

Lewis (with an air of great importance): Miss E., I done spoke to de President and he shook hands wid me.

Miss E.: Well, Lewis, I am glad you had such an honor and that Mr. Wilson had such a warm welcome to "old Virginia"; but Lewis, did you tell him that your wife, Sallie, cooked the turkey and the old Virginia ham he had for his dinner today?

Lewis: Naw, Miss, I didn't tell him dat—case I jes' knowed soon's he tasted dat ham and turkey, he'd know dat my Sallie cooked 'em.

Humoresque of the Graduates

F course you have often heard it said that it takes many kinds of people to make up the world. There are tall people and short people, thin people and fat ones. Sometimes the short person is thin, and sometimes the tall person is fat, or vice versa. Representatives of each class are found among the graduates of nineteen thirteen. Virginia Switzer, of Staunton, who represents the short thick kind, and is graduating in Elocution, was the first to enter the Seminary, and immediately became one of the many admirers of Miss Nannie Tate. She finished her work in Elocution several years ago under Miss Frost and this year completed the other requirements for her diploma.

The fall of nineteen ten brought to our school, from the Lewisburg Seminary, at Lewisburg, West Virginia, Evelyn Morris, our one and only graduate in the Literary course. She is neither too short nor too long, but just right in every respect. In fact we can think of nothing about her which we would like to change. Evelyn is extremely bright, a hard and faithful student, who "always knows," and always has time to do something for someone else. We are indeed proud of "our sweet girl graduate."

That same year, Rose Wiebel, of Maryland, became a student at the Mary Baldwin. She immediately, as if by instinct, flew straight to practice hall, and there has spent a good part of her time ever since. Those who have heard her play will readily bear witness to the fact.

Josephine Steed also arrived in Staunton in the fall of nineteen ten. She at once began her study of Elocution and took part in the plays as though she had been doing so all her life. What use to describe Josephine? We all know she is one of those persons who has the happy faculty of combining the right height and the right thickness.

At twilight on a September evening in the fall of nineteen eleven

two tall and stately figures might have been seen entering the portals of old M. B. S. One was slender and the other was not. Anna Morrison, of Georgia, had added her name to the roll of pupils in Expression, and had taken her place upon the boards of the Chapel stage. If you looked closely on that September eve you would have found another name on the roll beneath hers, Marzelle Hart, of Texas. This young lady was a stranger, but a certain instinct seemed to draw her to Miss Hamlin's classes, where she has won honors.

The same year another tall and graceful girl found her way into the shelter of the Seminary, Dorothy Carr, of Mississippi. Her experience was somewhat like that of Rose Wiebel, but instead of making for the practice rooms, she decided it would be more entertaining to play marches in Chapel, and forthwith she began to prepare herself to do so. All who attend the morning services will testify how well she has succeeded.

And now if you do not believe we are all kinds of sizes, remember, "seeing is believing."

Virginia Watson Switzer.

Forward Look at the Graduates

HE TWILIGHT was softly stealing into the room, as I sat musing before the fire, thinking of by-gone days. Shape after shape passed vaguely before my mind's eye, until I found myself nodding. Suddenly, however, I was rudely aroused from my revery by a childish hand, and I saw the form of my little grand-daughter, standing before me.

"Oh, grandmother, what are these old letters I found up in the attic? Please, now, a story."

What a host of by-gone memories, did those few yellow sheets awaken—days of long ago, when I was a happy, care-free school-girl of M. B. S. Then how quickly the days had glided by until commencement. Commencement! How vivid it all semed even then: the "circus" benches, filled with girls in white, and Dr. Fraser, with his usual apt sayings, delivering our much wished-for, and hard-earned diplomas. I gazed upon those few sheets with a half-regretful look, for they were the only link that bound me to the past.

The first I opened was from Evelyn Morris, our one classical Senior. She had become famous, a few years after graduating, and her last book, a historical romance of the South, was receiving wide-spread comment. Who would have imagined our quiet studious Evelyn a brilliant novelist?

The second letter was in the familiar handwriting of old Marzelle, and it was as if I saw again the gay, laughing face of this classmate. All through her life she has made people happy, and especially one, who had indeed proven himself worthy of such a woman.

"Far-away Mexico, who indeed could be so very far from home?" None other than Anna, and how I longed once more to see this dearly loved classmate. She is very happy, living on a big ranch, managing

her various duties with the same capable hand she used in performing her tasks at M. B. S.

A programme and a circular fell to the floor, and as I glanced at the first my eyes lighted up with pride, to think that one of our 1913 graduates should have met with such renown. Rose had now become one of the famous pianists of our day. The circular caused a smile. It stated that "Miss Virginia Switzer would lecture on Woman's Rights," etc. I am thankful to say she does not act like some of them, but her dignity is winning her many staunch supporters.

Just at that moment, a loud buzz was heard, and hurrying to the front door, I beheld a magnificent gray air-ship, and there, of all people one would expect to see—was Dottie Carr.

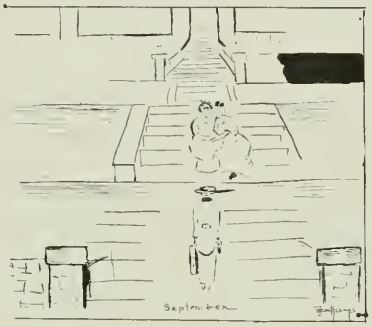
"Yes! I had this opportunity of running over for a few days, and just couldn't resist the temptation of a chat. The Chinese don't need missionaries so much now, so I could easily be spared."

So we settled down, in front of the fire, and talked until the faintly glowing embers told us it was growing late, and we sadly arose to our duties of the present, and put the past away as a happy dream.

Josephine E. Steed.

Retrospect

September



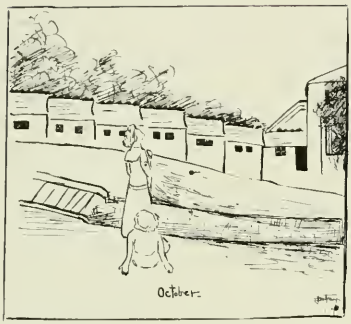
September the 12th was the opening of school
And time for home-sick ladies;
And many a new girl was merely a tool
In the hands of the staid old "Katies."

On September 21st a wonderful tea
Was giv'n by the Staunton Bells.
The Y. W. C. A. collected no fee
At their reception, so rumor tells.

October

October the 4th a holiday came
And picture show successes.
The T. T. ride was of great fame,
And so was the T. D. S.'s.

On October 5th was a football test
Among those who knew how to play;
And all of the girls of the M. B. S.
Went up to the S. M. A.



October the 12th now rolls around,
With the Senior Literary Tea;
And aviation meet, so I've found,
And a feast by the K. F. C.

October 19th came into view,
And so did Miss Strauss's tea;
The guests, who were a chosen few,
Went up there full of glee.

October the 20th was more wonderful still,
I have heard so many girls say;
General Johnston's talk the chapel did fill
With the girls of Y. W. C. A.

October the 26th brings us around
To the Red Head Picnic Drive;
The aviation meet, and also a mound
Of "eats" from the C. O. D. hive.

October the 31st Fate did prepare
A night of most wonderful pleasure,
For Madame Mero's concert rare
Shall always be held as a treasure.

November

November 2d came out of turn
For the Hallowe'en supper and party;
But we, who are school girls, have to learn
To enjoy even what is tardy.

November the 6th, in political fame
Every Baldwin girl had a voice.
Our candidate now bears the President's name,
So we took a day off to rejoice.

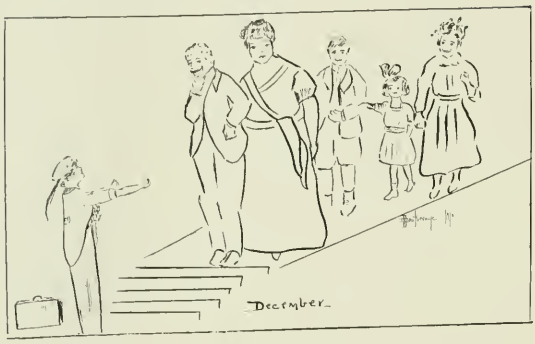
November the 8th Mr. Southwick read,
"Cardinal Richelieu" was the play.
Miss Hamlin's pupils were almost led
To join him in the fray.

November 15th was an evening of sport,
The first soirée of the year.
Because music certainly is their fort,
Misses Mulford and MacKenzie we cheer!

The 23d's frolic you can guess
Without so very much trouble;
Of course, the club was the T. D. S.,
The feast was a pink rose bubble.

November 28th was Thanksgiving Day,
The dance and the basketball.
It comes each year in a different way,
This year 'twas the best of all.

November 29th was such perfect pleasure,
I hardly know how to begin
To tell of many a hidden treasure
Of Kaspar's violin.



December

December the 6th was a faculty night,
Of soirées it was the second.
For Misses Wyman and Hamlin we will fight,
And Herr Schmidt? Well, I reckon.

December the 7th the Junior Class
Entertained with a beautiful tea,
And every girl as she would pass
Took a prize from the "eatable" tree.

On December 9th at the breakfast table,
Mr. Wilson's message was read
By Miss Weimar, who had sent a cable,
To rejoice at his beating "Ted."

December the 10th the choral class sang
To all who would come and listen.
Many a heart received a pang,
And tears in all eyes did glisten.

December 15th was the Christmas season,
Home-thoughts each heart did fill;
The Y. W. C. A. girls give this reason
For their singing with such a will.

Wilson's birthday, the 28th of December,
He spent in Staunton town;
Because our President would remember
Where first he looked around.

The flags were waving in the breeze,
The crowd was waving, too,
And many would on bended knees,
Have paid their homage due.

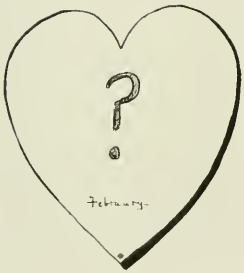
January

January 9th the picture show
"Art"
Was packed with M. B. S.
girls;
We all of us hoped that that was
a start
For numerous other gay
whirls.

January 18th was the beautiful
tea
Of the Student Association.
Faces as bright as they could be
Were the only decoration.

A holiday came on the 21st day,
In memory of Miss McClung;
One for which there was much to pay,
For which many a head was hung.

February

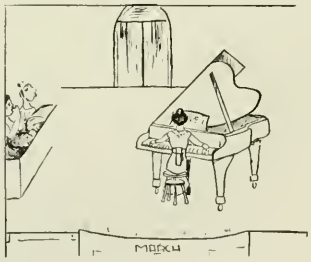


On the 28th Prof. Eisenberg's scholars
Gave us a fine soirée.
They were honored with hosts of lovely flowers,
Which they sent to the hospital next day.

February 28, the Russian musician,
Von Unschuld, wide renowned,
Clearly proved her life's great mission
In music she had found.

March

On March the 7th, Herr Schmidt's students
Held us in a trance.
The programme was a joy, we add with prudence,
From orchestra to witches' dance.



March 8th was an exciting night
For the guests at the banquet ball;
The Juniors and Seniors for once did not fight—
To the great surprise of all.

March the 18th Miss Hamlin's soirée
Came off with great success.
It would take us many and many a day
All their praises to express.

March 28th, Ernest Shelly raised
Harmonies to the skies.
All his pieces well betrayed
The genius no one denies.

April

The 10th of April Miss Lucy Marsh sang
For the girls at M. B. S.
In the hearts of the vocal pupils sprang
Such hopes as none could guess.

April 25th was Miss Mulford's soirée,
Which pleased the audience well,
For the voices clear of the maidens gay,
Through the chapel hall did swell.

May

May 2d was the recital night
Of Misses MacKenzie and
Wyman.
The air was filled with notes as light
As might be offered to Hymen.

An important evening now had come
To the graduates in Expression.
St. Cecilia also smiled on some
Who had chosen her profession.

The Art reception of the 23d
With experience new was laden,
For boys were numerous. 'Twas averred
Sometimes there were two to one maiden.

The Alumnæ banquet deserves much praise.
On May 24th it fell.
'Twas such a success in so many ways,
'Twould be hard to describe it well.

On the 26th we celebrated
Association Day.
Flowers and spirits intimated
The time was late in May.

The 27th was the climax of all,
For that was Commencement day.
Our drooping spirits rose to the call
Of the graduates' happy lay.

"But the one who laughs last laughs best," they say.
He enjoys the most of the fun.
And I truly believe that that is the way,
For our last was a grand "home-run."

GEORGIA R. HULL.

Mary Baldwin Miscellany

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I AM COME THAT THEY MIGHT HAVE LIFE AND THAT THEY MIGHT HAVE IT MORE ABUNDANTLY
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Georgia Hull	Ola Allison
Vernon Liclider	Clare Adams
Agnes Woods	Margaret St. Clair
Maude Gary	Elizabeth Pindell
Dorothy Deatherage	Fay Mead

The Student Association is composed of the whole student body of the Seminary, and is under the direction of an Executive Board, which consists of the graduates of the current year and prominent officers of the following organizations: Annual Board, Miscellany Board, Young Women's Christian Association, Junior and Senior Literary Societies, and the presidents of all the clubs. The success of this organization is chiefly due to the patient and capable advice of Miss Mattoon, who is its founder.

To M. B. S.

Tune: Heidelberg.

Here's to the girls of the M. B. S.!
Here's to the lessons, too;
Here's to the pin we wear for her,
Here's to the colors true!
Here's to the hope that we may be
Proven through every test,
Worthy the school that we most revere,
Here's to the M. B. S.!

Here's to the bells of the M. B. S.!
Here's to their silvery call;
Here's to the early breakfast bell,
Most punctual of them all!
Here's to the bell for Sunday School;
The bell for the quiet hour's rest;
And here's to the bell when the lights go out,
And all's silent at M. B. S.

Here's to the steps that we have to climb;
Here's to the tennis court;
Here's to the golf links and the farm;
Here's to our fun and sport!
Here's to the rides and teas and feasts;
Here's to the swimming, too,
Here's to our joys at the M. B. S.!
That keep us from being blue.

Here's to our home friends far away;
Here's to their warm hearts true!
Here's to the letters that come each day,
Yet always seem too few.
Here's to Commencement day so bright,
And the medals that mark success!
Here's to our school friends, one and all!
Here's to the M. B. S.

The M. B. S. Maiden

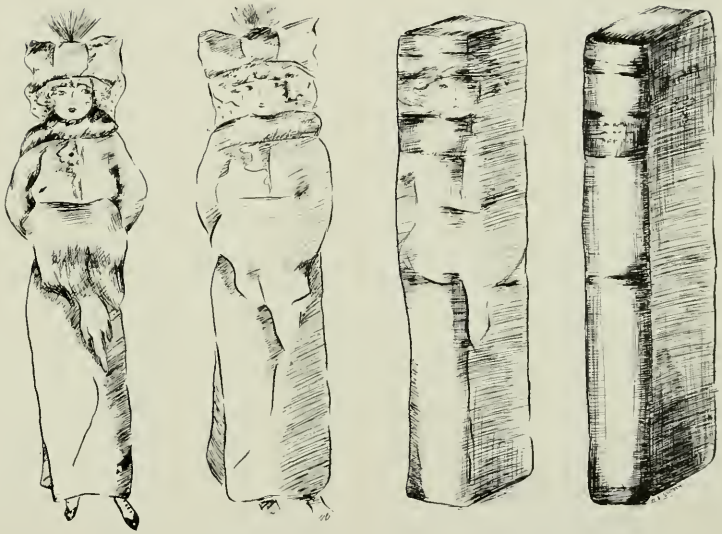
Tune: Comin' thro' the Rye.

Once a maiden went to college,
Sweet as sweet could be;
As she climbed the hill of knowledge,
Oh, how fair was she!
Suddenly she met a stranger
Who, I must confess,
Quickly quoth, as he espied her,
"You're from M. B. S."

"Ah, kind sir," she said demurely,
"Tell me, I implore,
How you found me out so surely
When no badge I wore?"
"Ah, fair one," replied the stranger,
"Gladly I confess,
A maid as sweet as you must surely
Be from M. B. S."

Maude Whiteside.

LITERARY SOCIETY



THE EVOLUTION OF A LIT. SOCIETY GIRL.

Senior Literary Society

OFFICERS

Anna Ruckman ..... *President*
Anna Morrison ..... *Vice-President*
Elizabeth Bell ..... *Treasurer*
Agnes Woods ..... *Recording Secretary*
Georgia Hull ..... *Corresponding Secretary*

MEMBERS

Pauline Anderson
Lydia Beck
Elizabeth Bell
Ethelyn Bolen
Eula Cantelou
Dorothy Carr
Lillian Eisenberg
Dorothy Deatherage
Margaret Ferguson
Maude Gary
Alice Graham
Margaret Hanna
Marzelle Hart
Ruth Hopwood
Georgia Hull
Vernon Liclider
Evelyn Morris
Janet Morris
Lily Morris
Anna Morrison
Sara Porter
Helen Ridgaway
Anna Ruckman
Harriett Smock
Josephine Steed
Virginia Switzer
Elfrida Van Meter
Rose Wiebel
Agnes Woods
Lily Woods

Junior Literary Society

OFFICERS

Ola Allison ..... *President*
Virginia Lipscomb ..... *Vice-President*
Todd Saffell ..... *Treasurer*
Fay Mead ..... *Corresponding Secretary*
Henrietta Bartlett ..... *Recording Secretary*

MEMBERS

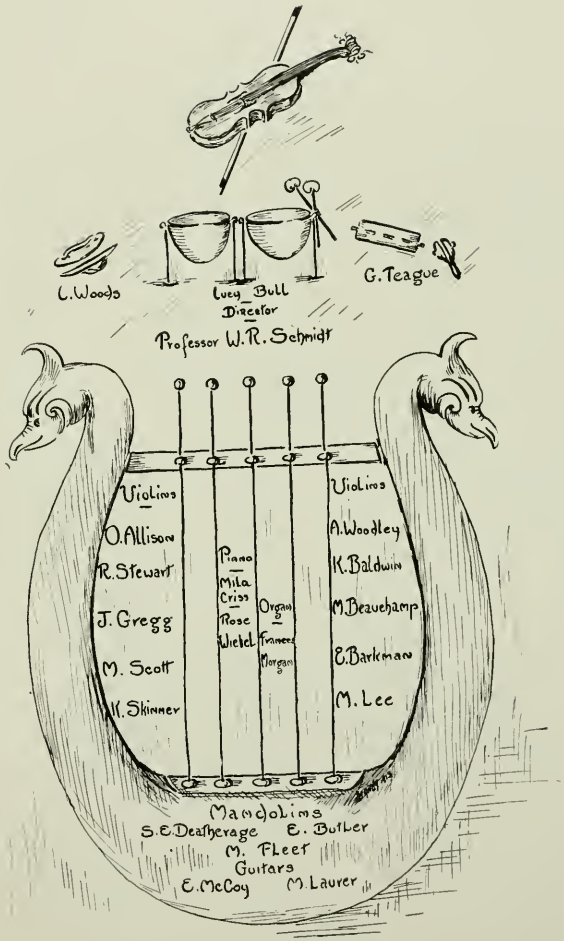
Ola Allison
Katherine Baldwin
Mary Ballard
Henrietta Bartlett
Marie Bennett
Edwina Brotherton
Margaret Buford
Emma Clark
Lillian Clark
Helen Cord
Marguerite Dudley
Laura Davis
Marguerite Fleet
Emma Ford
Mary Inglesby
Letitia Johnston
Lucille Johnston
Virginia Lipscomb
Fay Mead
Penelope Moreland
Frances Morgan
Dabney Paxton
Eva Phillips
Mary Preston
Todd Saffell
Blanche Searcy
Marjory Snow
Margaret St. Clair
Hattie Tinsley
Antoinette Tyssowski
Esther Wool
Dora Yaretsky
Elizabeth Camp
Kate Cherry
Martha Garrett
Gladys Goever
Lucille Heath
Bess Lee
Cora Lott
Esther Thomas
Sarah Wilson

DIRECTOR

Miss Margaret Lawson Mulford

MEMBERS

Liona Allen
Julia Albes
Ola Allison
Susanne Anderson
Henrietta Bartlett
Sara James Bell
Lydia Boardman
Mary Sue Bowman
Margaret Bradshaw
Edwina Brotherton
Elizabeth Camp
Ada Campbell
Dorothy Carr
Agnes Chandler
Esther Clark
Lillian Clarke
Sara Colvig
Corrine Craig
Louise Craig
Mila Criss
Sara Davis
Marguerite Fleet
Duncan Foster
Margaret Hanna
Ruth Herron
Georgia Hull
Louise Hunt
Martha Jordan
Florence Moon
Louise Moore
Penelope Moreland
Lily Morris
Kathleen McElderry
Elise McLeod
Florence Odenbaugh
Elizabeth Pindell
Marjorie Snow
Katherine Schaeffer
Margaret Scott
Margaret Smith
Esther Thomas
Clara Trotter
Hildegarde Wangemann
Marguerite Ward
Maude Whiteside
Rose Wiebel
Lily Woods
Esther Wool
Alice Woodley
Katherine Womeldorf
Mary Eleanor Wright
Dora Yaretzky


L. Woods
Lucy Bull
Director
G. Teague
Professor W. R. Schmidt
Violins
O. Allison
R. Stewart
J. Gregg
M. Scott
K. Skinner
Piano
Mila Criss
Rose Wiebel
Organ
Frances Morgan
Violins
A. Woodley
K. Baldwin
M. Beauchamp
E. Barkman
M. Lee
Mandolins
S. E. Deatherage
E. Butler
M. Fleet
Guitars
E. McCoy
M. Laurer

DRAMATICS

Dramatic Club

Miss Hamlin, Director

OFFICERS

Anna Morrison ..... *President*
Josephine Steed ..... *Vice-President*
Marzelle Hart ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

MEMBERS

Annah Ruckman
Sarah Hunter
Virginia Switzer
Gladdis Melius
Frances Price
Estelle Jameson
Fannie Craddock
Marie Luttrell
Gladys Barkman
Gladys Jones

Ola Allison

SCENE FROM "ANITA'S TRIAL"

ATHLETICS

Tennis Club

Cynthia Hassler ..... *President*

Margaret St. Clair ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

MEMBERS

Clare Adams
Dorothy Andrews
Mary Andrews
Dorothy Booth
Ethelyn Bolen
Elizabeth Brown
Louise Brown
Lucie Bull
Elizabeth Camp
Corrine Craig
Sallie Elaine Deatherage
Elizabeth Felder
Duncan Foster
Maude Gary
Martha Garrett
Lucile Heath
Louise Hunt
Margaret Lee
Virginia Lipscomb
Kathleen McElderry
Elise McLeod
Agnes Wood
Fay Mead
Anna Morrison
Marion Neal
Nina Neal
Dabney Paxton
Elizabeth Pindell
Sara Porter
Mary Preston
Anita Storm
Marjory Snow
Katherine Schaeffer
Ellen Simmerman
Margaret Stockton
Harriet Smock
Ellen Scott
Josephine Steed
Clara Trotter
Gladys Teague
Inez Thomas
Antoinette Tyssowski
Esther Wool

Golf Club

PATRON

Miss Mary Mattoon

OFFICERS

Marzelle Hart ..... *President*

Josephine Steed ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

MEMBERS

Dorothy Andrews
Mary Andrews
Dorothy Bandy
Lucie Bull
Margaret Buford
Kathryn Baldwin
Minnie Kate Buckelew
Esther Clark
Laura Craven
Corrine Craig
Eula Cantelou
Sarah Colvig
Helen Cord
Maidee De Loach
Dorothy Deatherage
Sallie Elaine Deatherage
Marian Davidson
Jennie Gayle
Marion Hay
Sarah Hunter
Lucille Heath
Ruth Herron
Louise Hunt
Marzelle Hart
Mary Inglesby
Estelle Jameson
Letitia Johnston
Gladys Jones
Elsie Kenner
Marie Laurer
Margaret Lee
Imogene Mathews
Gladdis Melius
Fay Mead
Florence Odenbaugh
Elizabeth Pindell
Frances Price
Alice Rogers
Helen Ridgaway
Helen Shackelford
Grace Sorg
Helen Swope
Josephine Steed
Ellen Simmerman
Leonora Traxler
Clara Trotter
Inez Thomas
Agnes Wood
Sarah Wilson
Lily Woods
Esther Wool
Molly Worthington

CLUBS

Club Index

C. O. D.
Z. T. Z.
K. F. C.
X. Y. Z.
J. E. N.
K. E. Y.
T. T.
S. L. G.
R. E. D.
T. D. S.
D. F. G.

C. O. D.

COLOR	FLOWER
Red	Carnation

Lucie Bull ..... *President*

MEMBERS

Jessie Alexander
Mary Alexander
Pauline Anderson
Henrietta Bartlett
Margaret Buford
Lucie Bull
Maude Gary
Alice Graham
Georgia Hull
Sara Porter
Mary Preston
Dabney Paxton
Todd Saffell
Blanche Searcy
Margaret St. Clair
Sara Wilson

Z. T. Z.

COLOR
Red and Black

FLOWER
American Beauty

MOTTO
"Do unto others, for they'd like to do you, but do them first."

Agnes Woods ..... *President*

MEMBERS

Clare Adams
Ola Allison
Dorothy Andrews
Mary Andrews
Marion Bankhead
Lydia Beck
Edwina Brotherton
Fannie Craddock
Gladys Davis
Harriette Deal
Elise McLeod
Florence Moon
Esther Thomas
Antoinette Tyssowski
Maude Whiteside
Mildred Wicks
Agnes Woods

ZTZ

KFC

CYNTHIA HASSLER

LOUISE HUNT

OFFICERS

President
CLARE ADAMS

JOSEPHINE STEED

KATHERINE SCHAEFFER

Secretary and Treasurer
ELIZABETH CAMP

CORRINE CRAIG

Sergeant at Arms
LOUISE MOORE

CLARA TROTTER

MOTTO
Nostra Amicitia Semperterna

LILY WOODS

ANTOINETTE TYSSOWSKI

MASCOT
Black Cat

ANNIE LAURIE CAMP

COLORS
Green and Black

SALLIE ELAINE DEATHERAGE

FLOWER
Cat-tails

DOROTHY DEATHERAGE

MAIDEE DE LOACH

ROSALIN BOURLYN

NFD

X. Y. Z.

Margaret St. Clair ..... *President*

MEMBERS

Mary Alexander

Mary Andrews

Dorothy Andrews

Dorothy Bandy

Dorothy Carr

Margaret Hanna

Marion Hay

Florence Odenbaugh

Todd Saffel

Ellen Scott

Ida Smith

Margaret St. Clair

Elfrida Van Meter

τοῦ μή τιναξητῆσαί ποτε

M U M

K. E. Y.

COLORS
Violet and White

FLOWER
Violet

Marzelle Hart ..... *President*

MOTTO
"The Golden Key Unlocks All Doors."

MEMBERS

Lucie Bull
Margaret Conway
Fanny Craddock
Lillian Clark
Marion Davidson
Duncan Foster
Ruth Hopwood
Margaret Houston
Marzelle Hart
Elizabeth Brown
Mary Overby
Molly Worthington
Esther Wool
Evelyn McCoy

MUM

COLORS
Green and Lavendar

FLOWER
Lily of the Valley

Josephine Steed ..... *President*
Molly Worthington ..... *Vice-President*
Louise Moore ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

MEMBERS

Ethelyn Bolen

Josephine Greenway Virginia Lipscomb

Dorothy Booth

Elizabeth Camp Harriet Deal

Lucile Heath

Margaret Lee Anna Morrison

Louise Moore

Katheryn Schaeffer Margaret Stockton

Josephine Steed

Molly Worthington Virginia Winter

S. L. G.

MOTTO

"One for all and all for one."

OFFICERS

Kathleen McElderry ..... *President*
Sarah Wilson ..... *Business Manager*

MEMBERS

Marion Bankhead
Louise Craig
Laura Craven
Dean Dillard
Edith Keesling
Julia Lewis
Mable Lockett
Eleanor Luttrell
Kathleen McElderry
Louise Pierce
Fair Searson
Margaret Scott
Sarah Wilson
Mary Eleanor Wright

PATRON SAINT

Mr. King

HONORARY MEMBERS

Miss Lyons

Miss MacKenzie

OFFICERS

Agnes Woods ..... *President*

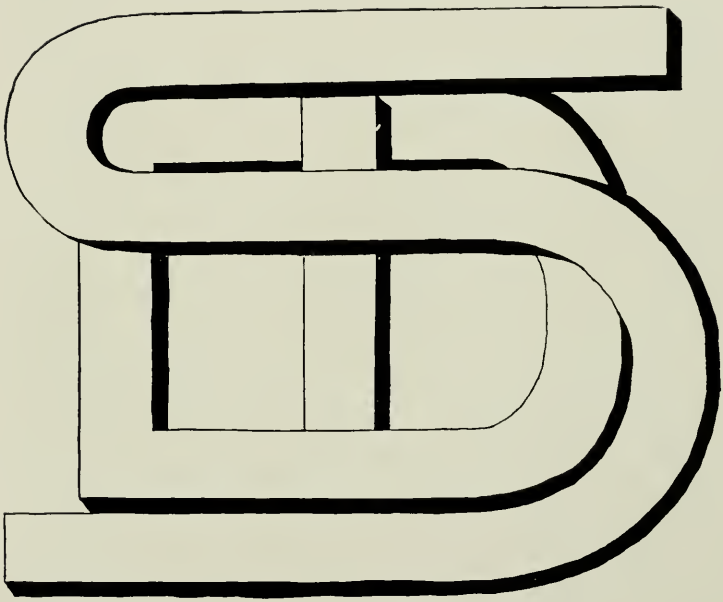
Todd Saffell ..... *Vice-President*

Dorothy Carr ..... *Secretary*

Mary Overby ..... *Treasurer*

MEMBERS

Mary Leeman	Emma Clark	Imogene Matthews
Lucile Johnston	Esther Thomas	Undine Hugo
Maidee DeLoach	Althea Boyd	Florence Moon



T. D. S.

MOTTO

"Vivimus inter nos, vivimus pro nobis."

COLORS	FLOWER
Black and Green	Violet

OFFICERS

Elizabeth Pindell ..... *President*
Virginia Lipscomb ..... *Vice-President*
Sallie Elaine Deatherage ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*
Dorothy Carr ..... *Sergeant-at-Arms*

MEMBERS

Elizabeth Butler
Dorothy Carr
Dorothy Deatherage
Sallie Elaine Deatherage
Cynthia Hassler
Virginia Lipscomb
Elizabeth Pindell
Gladys Teague
Elizabeth Felder
Inez Thomas
Lily U. Woods

COLORS
Gold and Blue

FLOWER
Violet

MOTTO
"Dum vivimus vivamus."

OFFICERS

Fay Mead ..... *President*
Mila Criss ..... *Vice-President*
Agnes Wood ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

MEMBERS

Kathryn Baldwin
Lydia Boardman
Sara Colvig
Mila Criss
Sara Davis
Ruth Herron
Fay Mead
Frances Morgan
Mildred Reynolds
Hattie Tinsley
Anna Weaver
Frances Williams
Agnes Wood

German Club

Elizabeth Pindell ..... *President*

Molly Worthington ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

MEMBERS

Clare Adams
Jessie Alexander
Mary Alexander
Pauline Anderson
Marion Bankhead
Henrietta Bartlett
Ethelyn Bolen
Dorothy Bandy
Dorothy Booth
Elizabeth Brown
Elizabeth Butler
Margaret Buford
Lucie Bull
Dorothy Carr
Elizabeth Camp
Lillian Clark
Fannie Craddock
Rhoda Cooley
Corrine Craig
Dean Dillard
Dorothy Deatherage
Sallie Elaine Deatherage
Harriette Deal
Elizabeth Felder
Maude Gary
Josephine Greenway
Martha Garrett
Alice Graham
Georgia Hull
Lucile Heath
Ruth Hopwood
Marion Hay
Cynthia Hassler
Marzelle Hart
Louise Hunt
Margaret Hanna
Margaret Houston
Letitia Johnston
Margaret Lee
Julia Lewis
Virginia Lipscomb
Anna Morrison
Louise Moore
Kathleen McElderry
Mary Overbey
Sarah Porter
Elizabeth Pindell
Louise Pierce
Dabney Paxton
Alice Rogers
Todd Saffell
Anita Storm
Margaret St. Clair
Margaret Stockton
Josephine Steed
Blanche Searcy
Helen Shackelford
Kathryn Schaeffer
Inez Thomas
Gladys Teague
Clara Trotter
Antoinette Tyssowski
Elfrida Van Meter
Esther Wool
Mary Eleanor Wright
Maude Whiteside
Sarah Wilson
Mildred Wicks
Molly Worthington
Duncan Foster
Mary Preston

GERMAN CLUB

VIRGINIA

Virginia Club

MOTTO
"Sic Semper Tyrannis"

COLORS
Orange and Blue

OFFICERS

Fannie Craddock ..... *President*
Alice Graham ..... *Vice-President*
Esther Wool ..... *Secretary*
Elizabeth Brown ..... *Treasurer*

MEMBERS IN FACULTY

Miss Weimar
Miss Garrett
Miss Higgins
Miss Meetze
Miss McFarland
Miss A. Riddle
Miss J. Riddle
Miss M. Riddle
Miss Williamson
Miss Shawen
Miss Smithey
Miss Streit
Miss Strickler
Miss Lyons

ACTIVE MEMBERS

Pauline Anderson
Clare Adams
Mary Ballard
Elizabeth Bell
Elizabeth Brown
Ada Campbell
Fannie Craddock
Laura Davis
Alice Graham
Ward Gum
Lunette Harris
Julia Lewis
Marie Luttrell
Mildred Miller
Florence Moon
Janet Morris
Lilly Morris
Evelyn Morris
Mary Overbey
Dabney Paxton
Mary Prickett
Mary Preston
Helen Patterson
Alice Rogers
Anna Ruckman
Sarah Ruckman
Ellen Scott
Ellen Simmerman
Agnes Simmerman
Marion Spinner
Grace Sorg
Margaret St. Clair
Virginia Switzer
Hattie Tinsley
Marie Watkins
Esther Wool
Marguerite Ward
Katherine Womeldorf

Alabama Club

MOTTO

"'Ala.' bound"

COLOR

Red and White

FLOWER

American Beauty

MASCOT

Bull Dog

Marion Bankhead ..... *President*
Margaret Houston ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

MEMBERS

Marion Bankhead ..... Jasper
Edwina Brotherton ..... Jasper
Agnes Chandler ..... Guntersville
Anna Laura Camp ..... Talladega
Eula Cantelou ..... Wetumpka
Dean Dillard ..... Birmingham
Carlotta Hamilton ..... Mobile
Letitia Johnston ..... Birmingham
Margaret Houston ..... Selma
Kathleen McElderry ..... Talladega
Frances Reese ..... Selma
Sarah Wilson ..... Birmingham
Dora Yoretsky ..... Selma

Georgia Club

MOTTO
"Wisdom, Justice, and Moderation"

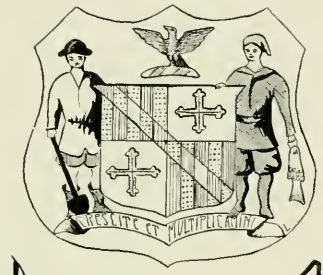
FLOWER
Cotton Blossom

OFFICERS

Georgia Hull ..... *President*
Maude Gary ..... *Vice-President*
Harriette Deal ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

MEMBERS

Mary Alexander ..... Augusta
Jessie Alexander ..... Augusta
Elizabeth Butler ..... Atlanta
Maude Gary ..... Augusta
Harriette Deal ..... Valdosta
Georgia Hull ..... Augusta
Mary Inglesby ..... Savannah
Bess Lee ..... Statesboro
Virginia Lipscomb ..... Atlanta
Anna Morrison ..... Waycross
Nina Neal ..... Atlanta
Louise Pierce ..... Columbus
Gladys Teague ..... Augusta



MARYLAND

Maryland Club

FLOWER

Black-eyed Susan

COLORS

Black and Yellow

OFFICERS

Rose Wiebel ..... *President*
Helen Stauffer ..... *Vice-President*
Catharine Cramer ..... *Secretary*
Harriett Stone ..... *Treasurer*

MEMBERS

Mildred Beauchamp
Catharine Cramer
Marion Douglas
Lucille Mitchell
Frances Price
Helen Ridgaway
Helen Stauffer
Harriet Stone
Rose Wiebel
Frances Williams

Tennessee Club

COLORS
Gold and White

FLOWER
Daisy

OFFICERS

Corrine Craig ..... *President*
Maidee DeLoach ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

MEMBERS

Margaret Buford ..... Nashville
Mary Clay ..... Rogersville
Corrine Craig ..... Chattanooga
Maidee DeLoach ..... Memphis
Louise Hunt ..... Chattanooga
Edith Keesling ..... Knoxville
Elsie Kenner ..... Rogersville
Eleanor Luttrell ..... Knoxville
Katherine Taylor ..... Morristown
Clara Trotter ..... Chattanooga
Maude Whiteside ..... Chattanooga

Texas Club

COLOR
Black and Gold

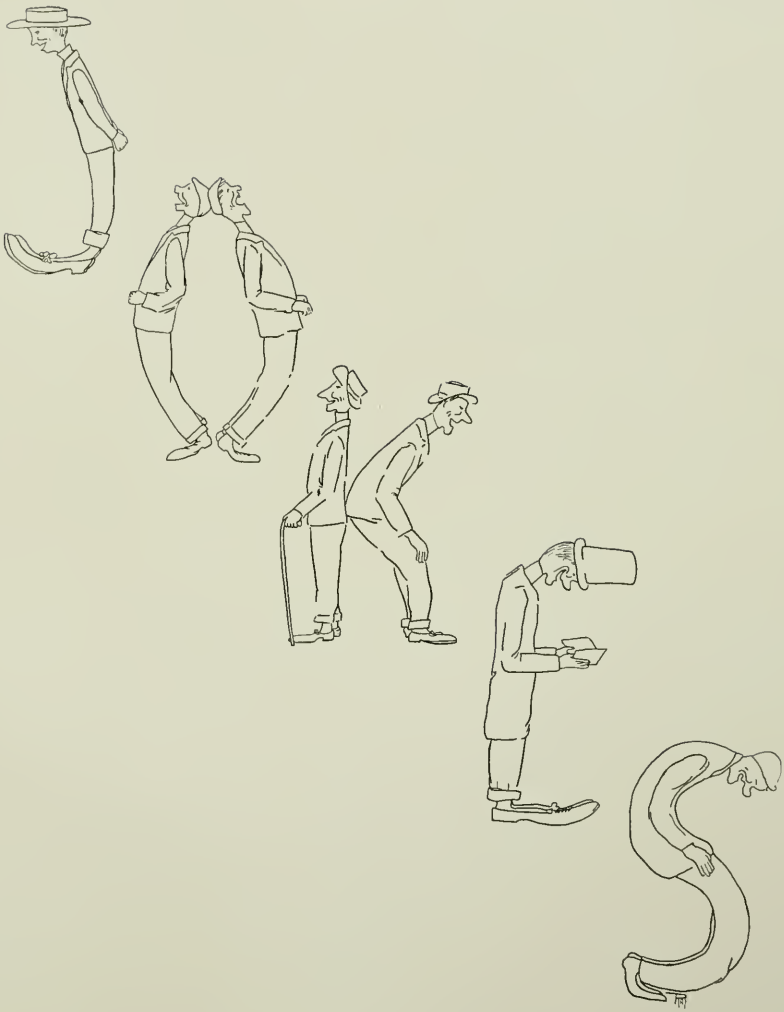
FLOWER
Sunflower

OFFICERS

Elizabeth Camp ..... *President*
Louise Moore ..... *Vice-President*
Margaret Hanna ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

MEMBERS

Suzanne Anderson ..... Weatherford
Beryl Brasher ..... Houston
Elizabeth Camp ..... San Antonio
Louise Craig ..... Port Arthur
Sara Davis ..... Gainesville
Elizabeth Felder ..... Dallas
May Louise Grove ..... Childress
Margaret Hanna ..... Galveston
Marzelle Hart ..... Weatherford
Undine Hugo ..... San Antonio
Penelope Moreland ..... Fort Worth
Louise Moore ..... San Antonio
Russell Story ..... San Antonio
Inez Thomas ..... Dallas
Hildegarde Wangeman ..... Brenham
Alice Woodley ..... San Antonio


JOKES

Things as They are Not

Scene—Miss Weimar's office.

Time—Thursday evening, 6:30-7:00 p. m.

Seated, the faculty, with stern faces.

ACT I., SCENE I.

Enter Anna Ruckman.

Miss Weimar—Well, Miss Ruckman, what have you to say for yourself? You have deliberately broken every rule in the catalogue.

Miss Mattoon—Miss Weimar, very much against my wishes I have to report that Anna never knows her Psychology.

Chorus of Teachers—She never seems to know anything!

Anna (with saucy look)—Miss Weimar, what is boarding school for, if not to have a good time; I can't be a perfect saint!

Miss Weimar—We will show you what this school is for later. Next Saturday you will enjoy office for three hours. *Exit Anna.*

Miss Martha Riddle—Miss Weimar, remember, "girls will be girls," and outside amusements are so helpful! You know that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

Clara Trotter enters the room.

Miss Weimar—Well, dear, this is a relief! What can I do for you?

Clara—May I go over to Charlottesville for a few days?

Miss Weimar—Yes, indeed! Anyone who has kept my rules as well as you have, can go almost anywhere. Is that all, dear?

Exit Clara meekly.

Teachers—Indeed, she is a model pupil! Who next?

Enter Alice Graham.

Miss Weimar—Another girl, whose character is demoralizing to the rest of the school! Alice, what do you mean by throwing a note out of Memorial windows? Miss Williamson saw you!

Miss Williamson—Yes, Miss Weimar, you know, the idea is this:

as I was passing the third window on my way to town, I happened to see Alice with something white in her hand, which looked——

Miss Weimar—That's not necessary now, Helen. I think Alice Graham will have to be sent home. *Exit Alice, in tears.*

Mlle. Piffault—Miss Weimar, I wish to bring Elizabeth's name up for privileges. She has been on my hall two years and has never given me any trouble.

Teachers—Yes, yes, why have we overlooked her in the past?

Miss Weimar (writing in note-book)—I fear Elizabeth has been neglected. I will call for her in the morning.

Miss Strickler—Miss Weimar, I think we should look into Lily Wood's case. Her father is a missionary out in China, and she never studies.

Miss Weimar—And to think what a wonderful influence for good she could have!

Miss Garrett—Miss Weimar, I am really worried over Harriette Deal. She just refuses to come over and stay at the infirmary and she needs a rest, so badly.

Miss Weimar (writing again)—I will call Harriette down and look into that.

Enter Lucie Bull.

Miss Weimar—Lucie, dear, I just wish to have you stand up Sunday morning and demonstrate what I mean by a correct uniform. Some of the girls persist in wearing grey bows.

"Bully"—Yes, Miss Weimar. *Exit*

Miss Higgins—Miss Weimar, I have a little suggestion I'd like to make. What do you say about allowing the girls to cook fudge sometimes in their rooms? Just such girls as deserve to, like Mary, Jessie and Margaret St. Clair?

Miss McFarland—Yes, indeed! I heartily approve of candy-making.

Miss Martha Riddle—And what do you think of forming a small sewing class for the girls? They do not have enough work .

Miss Williamson—And the young ladies should be allowed to express their opinions at mail-call by all means; my idea is this.

Miss Weimar—Is there anything else you could suggest that would give the girls more pleasure?

Miss Meetze—I can't see why the girls could not give little feasts every Saturday night in your little dining room, Aunt Ella. It is so homelike!

Miss Weimar—A very good suggestion Sadie. And I also think it would be nice to let the girls accept Captain Kable's invitation to the Easter dances. What has the faculty to say on the subject?

Faculty (excitedly)—Yes, yes, yes.

Faint tinkling heard outside.

Miss Mattoon (greatly perturbed)—The fire alarm! !

Teachers in chorus—Fire! Fire! Fire! *Exeunt Madly.*

The Fire Alarm.

What We Stand For

M is for Monday, when everyone's blue.
Not a book has been "cracked," although much was to do.

A is the Agony we're bound to endure,
Until of exam. marks we've all been made sure.

R is for Rules you must surely obey,
If here at this school you are anxious to stay.

Y is for Yellow, combine it with white,
You have our school colors, for which we will fight.

B is for Beaux, a scarcity here,
And the number decreases as year succeeds year.

A is for Appetite! Is it a sin?
Beware! Don't indulge, if you wish to be thin!

L is for Latin, the course of the martyr.
If you study it right, you'll surely grow smarter.

D is for Dancing. Some dances are past;
For in the gymnasium, we've "trotted" our last.

W's for Weeping, heard frequently here
By new girls despondent the first of the year.

I is Infirmary, our Sunday's delight.
In the weeks of exams. that place is all right!

N is for Nerves, which many possess,
Especially when playing in soirées, I guess.

S means the Seniors, those much envied lasses,
Esteemed by their teachers, beloved by their classes.

E is Excuses, so hard to obtain,
When from recitations we long to remain.

M is for Maidens, some three hundred strong,
The number grows larger as time rolls along.

I is for Ivory, the piano-keys white,
Which are constantly banged on from morning till night.

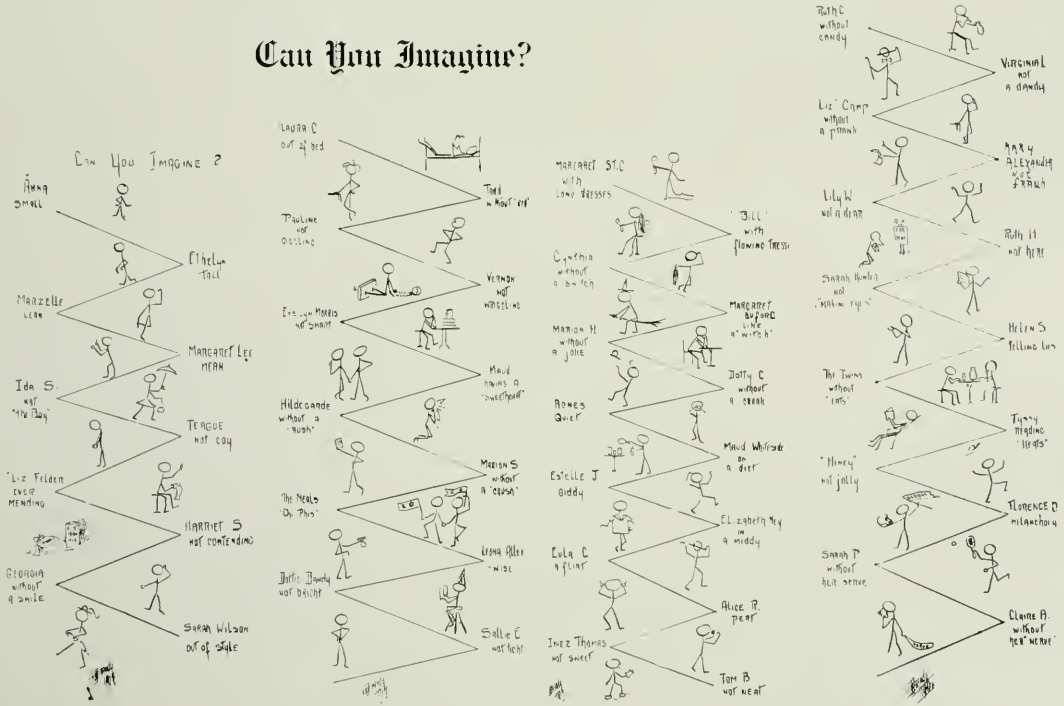
N is for Noise, by teachers abhorred,
So those who are quiet, receive their reward.

A is for "Annual," got up with much care.
May you get much amusement from pages so fair.

R is for "Rag," that music divine,
By which we march out from the chapel at nine.

Y is for Yells, which resound through the air.
Let them loose! Everyone! They relieve us from care!

Can You Imagine?


Can You Imagine ?
Anna small
Ethelyn Tall
Marzelle lean
Margaret Lee mean
Ida S. not "the Boy"
Teague not coy
"Liz Felden ever mending
Harriet S not contending
Georgia without a smile
Sarah Wilson out of style
Laura C out of bed
Tom without gin
Pauline not dazzling
Vernon not wrestling
Eva Jones Married not Smart
Maud hears a "sweetheart"
Hildegarde without a "rush"
Marion S without a "cause"
The Neals "Oh Pris"
Lena Allen "wise"
Dottie Bowdy not bright
Sallie E not right
Margaret St.C with long dresses
"Bill" with flowing dress
Cynthia without a smile
Margaret Burnett like a "witch"
Marion H without a juice
Dotty C without a cheek
Agnes Quiet
Maud Whitside on a diet
Estelle J Giddy
Elizabeth Ney in a middy
Eula C a flirt
Alice P. pear
Inez Thomas not sweet
Tom B not neat
Ruth C without candy
Virginia L not a dandy
Liz Camp without a prank
Mary Alexander not frank
Lily W not a dear
Ruth H not here
Sarah Hanks not "native ryt"
Helen S telling lies
The Twins without "ears"
Tippy reading "leads"
"Honey" not jolly
Florence D melancholy
Sarah P without her sense
Claire A. without her "nerve"

A "Story"

INTER" was over, the last "Snow" "Storm" had come and gone. The "Pierce"-ing "Gayle"-s no longer swept through the "Woods." Spring had come in all its glory, making the "Greenway"-s through the "Grove"-s pleasant for "Golden" "Moon"-light rides.

On this particular night Tom was unusually restless and wished to go for a fox-"Hunt" on "King," his new "Brown" "Steed." So he rang the "Bell" for the "Porter" to saddle him, while "Thomas," the "Butler," prepared his "Mead" and "Graham" bread. Accompanied by his "Foster" brother, he rode to a near neighbor's, a "Churchman," and asked could "Hugo."

Before starting, however, they went to a "Booth" kept by a "Wise" old "Taylor," who sold them at a low "Price," some "Cherry" wine which he kept stored away in a "Hogshead" in his "Garrett." While they were drinking, an old "Wool"-"Weaver" sang them a "Ballard," and to show her that their "Hart"-s were in the "Wright" place, they gave her some money.

The three then set out for a nearby "Camp" which was on a "Heath" beyond a "Wood." In order to "Dodge" a dangerous "Ford," they went through a private "Lott." When they were half-way across, one of the boys yelled, "Great 'Scott'! There's a 'Bull'!" As the horses were "Fleet," they gained the opposite side in safety, but in doing so one of the horses lost a shoe in the deep "Clay."

At last, they came to the "Camp." Here they gave the horses some "Moore" "Hay," while Tom played "Smithey" and tacked on the missing shoe with a "Stone." They had wasted so much time, however, that they decided to put off this "Hunt" till another night; so they sat around the "Camp"-fire and asked "Riddles." Thus endeth the tale of the"Hunter"-s.

HELEN PATTERSON,
MAUDE WHITESIDE.

Confessions

There was an old woman,
And her name was Mother Goose,
She lived long years ago.
Her rhymes we claim as our excuse
For what you find below.

I

I had a little Sunday hat,
Its color was pale gray;
I lent it to my room-mate,
To wear to church one day.
She bent the crown all out of shape,
She tore it during prayer;
I could not lend my hat again,
I have no hat to wear.

II

Handy-"Bandy," she's a dandy,
Always ready, spick and spandy;
Her pencil swift her bidding does,
No hand more skilful is than hers.

III

There was a Baldwin student,
With talents not a few,
Who had so many lessons
She didn't know what to do.
She studied in the daytime,
She studied in the night,
And by and by she mounted
The distant rosy height.

IV

The girls that were able
Went to the table,
To get some butter and
bread.
But when they got there,
The table was bare,
"Oh, where are the rolls?"
they said.

V

Oh, Mr. Thoms, come ring your bell!
McClung's on fire, so ring it well!
Where are the teachers that look after the drill?
Chasing the girls up and down the hill.
Have they wet towels? No, not they;
Their only care is to get away!

VI

A million S. M. A. boys, playing in the band;
A million Seminary girls upon the terrace stand;
But as they beat upon the drum
And play an air most gay,
A million naughty teachers come
And drive them all away.

VII

Sing a song of Baldwin girls,
A bunch of merry lasses;
Four and twenty teachers stern
To quiz them in their classes.
But when their tasks are over,
The girls all feast and say,
"Would not this life be pleasant,
If we could have our way?"

VIII

There was a maiden fair,
From Carolina rare,
"Oh, Lucky Jim,
I envy him,"
Who did her heart ensnare!

IX

There are rules for everything you do,
And everything you say;
There are rules for every time you move,
And lots for every day;
There are rules about the walks you take,
And those to whom you write;
There are rules about the clothes you wear,
And talking after light;
Yes, there are rules, for everything
And everybody here;—
So you may just as well decide
To bear them with good cheer.

X

Once there was a little girl,
And she had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead.
But when she forgot to roll it up at night,
She came to breakfast table looking horrid.

XI

There was a fair damsel named Hay,
Who set out for Easton, P-a.,
But her joyous contortions
So increased her proportions,
That they say Hay is still on the *weigh*.

XII

Ten dainty privileged girls, walking in a line—
One saw a "Kableite," and then there were but nine.
Nine sorry privileged girls, weeping for their mate—
One skipped her practice hour, and then there were but eight.
Eight happy privileged girls, who thought they were in heaven—
One donned a middy-blouse, and then there were but seven.
Seven artful privileged girls, up to cunning tricks—
One went to office, and then there were but six.
Six studious privileged girls, with knowledge all alive—
One sat up late at night, and then there were but five.
Five frightened privileged girls, feasting on the floor—
One failed to flee in time, and then there were but four.
Four pretty privileged girls, so full of joy and glee—
One was late to every meal, and then there were but three.
Three haughty privileged girls, now the "favored few"—
One sauced her teached, and then there were but two.
Two loving privileged girls, with work so neatly done—

One wore a bow to church, and then there was but one.
One lonely privileged girl, hadn't any fun—
So she left the school to wed, then there was none.

XIII

There was a young lady named Molly,
At times quite gay, quite jolly;
At times quite sad,
(Which was very bad),
When she didn't hear "reg'lar" from Chollie.

XIV

One day some daring girls so brave
Decided to make candy;
Thinking, as 'twas a holiday.
'Twould be for them quite handy.

They did not think of rules or such,
But hastened off in glee,
To find a stove and all the things
To make it with, you see.

Then came the fun of cooking it,
In a closet very small;
But oh, the stove! It smoked so bad
They smelt it in the hall.

'Twas not long ere a teacher stern,
Came to investigate,
And right from out their very hands
She took the candy plate.

To office drear she made them go,
And there they had to stay,
A-learning poetry all the while,
Upon that holiday.

H. P.

XV

A few more weeks, and we'll be free,
Free from Math and History.
Free from Latin and from French,
Free from sittin' on a hardwood bench.

Three short months and we'll be back,
Back to cold rolls and hardtack,
Back to class and study-hall,
"The most unkindest cut of all!"

Pretty Girl Questions

Dear Editor:—I am in a very painful state of mind over my hair, which is growing thinner day by day. Will you please recommend a tonic? "Gin."

Dear "Gin":—After considering your case, we have come to the conclusion that the roots of your hair must be "Blount." Suppose you get the "Porter" to massage them.

Dear Miss:—I am so worried about my complexion. All my life I have desired rosy cheeks. Is there any harmless way I could acquire them? Sadly,

"Heine."

Dear Heine":—In your case, I think a delicate application of "Vegetable Rouge" would not be amiss.

My Dear Miss:—Would it be too much to ask how I can get a "case"? I know this is a very delicate subject, but most of the girls at M. B. S. have such an article, and I feel left out.

Yours in sorrow,

"Sallie" Porter.

Dear Miss Porter:—For information please see or write to Margaret St. Clair, M. B. S., Staunton, Va.

Dear Editor:—I have so much leisure time that could be employed in reading. Could you suggest some interesting books?

Yours truly,

Agnes Woods.

Dear Agnes:—Why not devote some of your time to poetry? Try "Manly's English Poetry," and some selections from "Guest's Lectures" are very entertaining.

Dear Editor:—Will you kindly advise me what to do? I have two very good gentlemen friends and cannot decide between them; one

is very much shorter than the other, and I seem to favor his suit. Please tell me what to do, as I am very tall myself.

Yours in desperation,
"Bill."

"Bill":—Let your heart lead and your hand follow, and always remember, "Pride cometh before a fall"! So Beware!

Dear Editor:—My case threw me over. Please advise.
"Felder."

Dear "Felder":—What did she throw you over? Such things are dangerous. Have nothing more to do with her.

My Dear Editor:—I am in great perplexity. I have my choice between a "King" and a "Wiseman." Which would you advise?

Earnestly,
"Joe."

Dear "Joe":—Neither choose riches nor wisdom, but take a "Jack-son."

Dear Editor:—I have almost decided to give up the idea of marrying, and teach English in some Kentucky Seminary next year. I am not in love with the man who wants me to marry him, but respect him very much. What shall I do? L. B.

Dear "L. B.":—Suppose you try teaching a while, for your letter shows you are quite young. Time may prove a good instructor.

Dear Editor:—I am greatly distressed. I have at hand a letter from a young man. He offers to marry me this summer, but does not graduate until 1917. Would it be better to accept him and an inferior position now, or wait until he finishes?

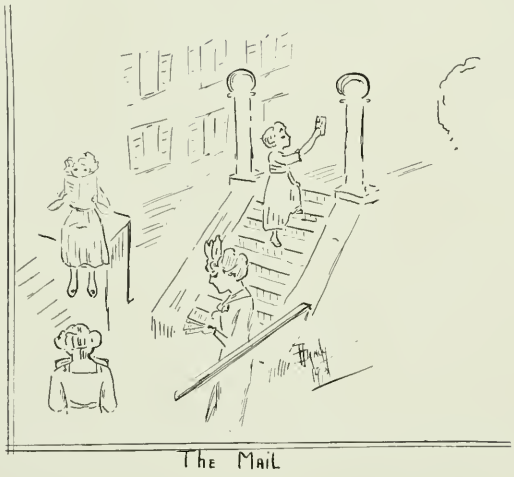
In perplexity,
"Cyd."

Dear "Cyd":—"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," and the fickleness of mankind is everywhere apparent.

DEAR EDITOR:—I am being eagerly swamped on all sides with cigarette tags. Do you know any use for them?

Eagerly,
"MEG."

DEAR "MEG":—I have heard that cigarette pillows come in handy at Lawrenceville.



Facts and Fiction

Ola (to clerk)—I want a middy for gym, please.
Clerk—How old is he?

A. M.—I've been chased by cows lots of times.
M. H.—That's nothing, I've been chased by cows on horse-back.

E. C. (to girl in practice room)—Have you any rag?
E. B.—No, but here's an old handkerchief you may have to dust off your piano.

C. C. (in English class)—The chief occupation of this bald-headed priest was chasing hares.

Miss H.—If it were not for the law of gravity, we would all fly around in the air.
Hildegarde—Well, Miss Higgins, what did they do before they discovered the law of gravity?

Miss M. (in Bible)—How did Elijah ascend to heaven?
M. W.—He was transplanted by God.

V. L.—Why, Lily, I never saw such a small quantity of hair as you have!
L. W.—Miss Lipscomb, it's not quantity—that's cheap—but quality that counts.

Miss Weimar (to Mary Nelson)—If Wi-Wi's not a teacher, Mary Nelson, what is she?

Mary Nelson (with a knowing toss of the head)—You'se a work-lady.

Leila (running into Maidee's room)—Did you know spinal meningitis was in town?

Maidee—No, who's she?

Miss H. (in Chemistry)—What is an atom?

A. W.—He was the first man.

The Line

It is said that Penelope Moreland acquired privileges on account of her respectful "altitude" toward the faculty.

"Studie"—How long can a person live without sense?
"Wyna"—How old are you?

M. G.—Ruth, please give me something about Luther's later days. I have nothing after the Diet of Worms.

M. P.—Oh, no, he didn't. He died of heart failure.

Miss Weimar—Alice, you are going to dinner with your brother today.

A. R.—Yes, Miss Weimar.

Miss Weimar—And Esther Wool is going out with her brother, too, isn't she?

A. R.—Yes'm.

Miss Weimar—Well, that's all right, but be sure you don't exchange brothers.

D. D.—I haven't heard from Alex in a week, and I can't Bear it any longer.

Miss Weimar, seeing Miss McFarland leave office, and seeing also that Mary Nelson's tiny rubbers were there by the door, picked them up and hurried after Miss McFarland, saying, "Oh, Abbie, here are your rubbers!"

Mr. B.—Miss Carr, while visiting in Georgia, did you meet any Laniers?

Dottie (with a knowing air)—Yes, indeed, I'm sure I met Sidney Lanier.

When is a joke not a joke?—Usually.

The Dining-Hall

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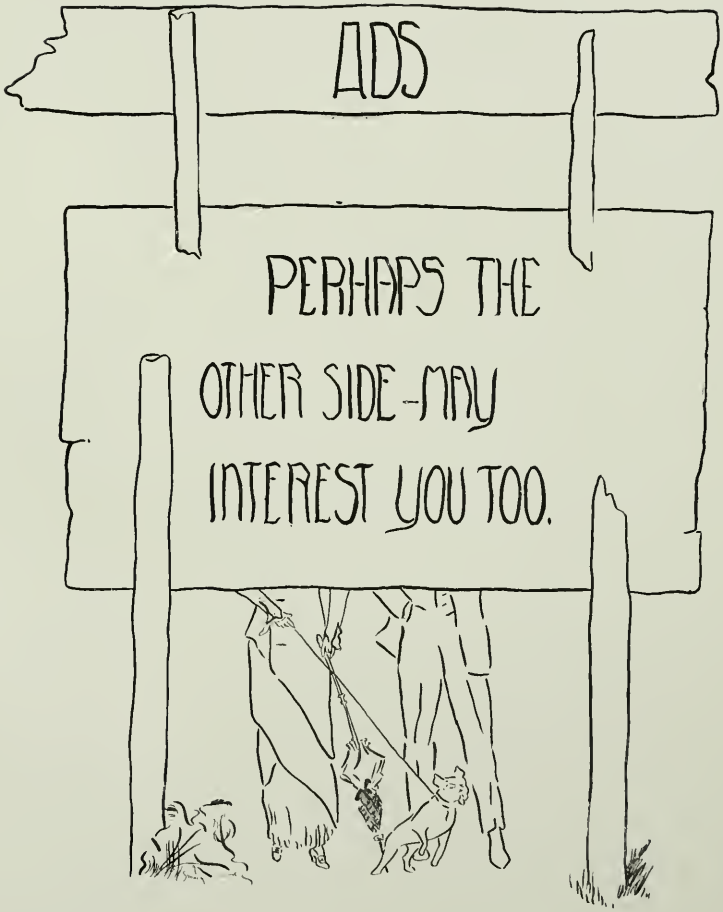
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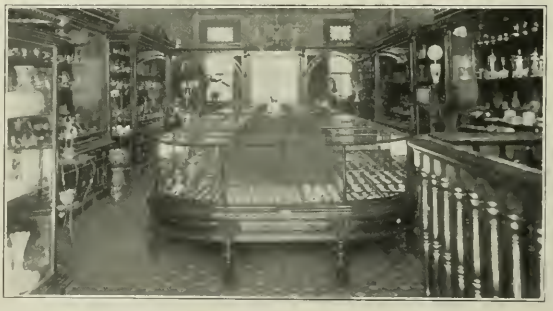

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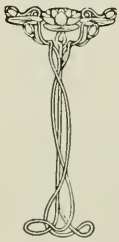

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